LONDON CITES AND CLUBMEN. Where Gamblers, Actors, Peers, and Princes Mest De Congregate.

London, June 20 ... The excitement caused by the raid on the Adelphi Club, the subsequent police proceedings, the condemnation of the chief olienders, the escape of others equally guilty but more fortunate, the implication in the discountable gambling affair of a few virtually innocent and respectable persons, has not yet subsided. On the contrary, the circumsame seems to have revived the old stories of outrageous, unserupulous, and even dishonorable des ings which at different times were a blot on the fair fame of some of the most aristorratio ciubs, and cast a stain on some of the best names in the Linglish nobility. Everybody remembers the well-known reer who gave his younger brother an allowance to live out of England, drop the family patronymic, and neverventure to return to his native land, after a scandalous affair at Nice. It is not so very long ago that a foreign Secretary of Legation, bear ag an old historical title, was fleeced at a Loaden cub where the gambling was notoricusty fact, and where he was encouraged to play for high stakes by partners fully aware that he was already suffering from the softening of the brain of which he eventually died, and that he was, moreover, notoriously an in-different player. He often rose from the whist table lover of sums reckoned by four figures.

In those clubs where play is high the Sun lay rule prohibiting the appearance of money on the tables is cluded by the habitues by the slauple process of placing the stakes on the chairs, and the game proceeds, with Innocent looking counters as the only currency unfer the eyes of the attendants, committee, and se retary. There are distinct categories of payers. Some clubmen play merely to pass the time and from habit. They are generally rich and middle aged earing little whether they win or lose. Some play because play has become with them a passion, and they cannot do without the excitement of their favorite vice. At the same time they are rarely men with eards in their hands except in the hushed retirement of their own clubs, and do not frequent Monte Carlo or any public gambling haunts. They or any public gambling haunts. They hate to see London grow empty after July, and their club closes in August for "repairs," the season is to them only a period when they can receive an onfating number of willing partners. A third class actually makes a livelihood out of cards. They play regularly, moverately, warty, bustanding their resources and keeping their accounts accurately. They do not despise small gains, but hardly ever venture upon the great coups which would upset the equilibrium of their budget. Perhaus one of the most striking examples of this category of clubines was triking examples of this way closed annually about 21,000.

The Adelpial Club, which has sprung into such undestrable notoriety, ranks very low in the list of the hundred and six London clubs; indeed with the Fisid, it can hardly descretche more diguided name, as both were not much better than common "heils," although frequented by men who partly from a spirit of bohemanism, partly to include unchallenged in their tasts or play, consented to become members, and to associate with people far beneath their social status. The rule, were very lax, and contrasted conveniently with the very strict ones of the first-class clubs, where admission is a matter of such extreme difficulty that many fathers inscribe their sons as candidates aimost as soon as they are born, in order to give them a chance when they become of age. hate to see London grow empty after July.

code of age.

Every gentleman who claims a standing in the world must belong to one or more first-rate clubs. Sub-bis-m has decreed that a man shall be known by that token, which determines a recognized social classification. It is a voucher for respectability, virtue, and, above all, as-bion in young men to be able to nut on their card the address of the Gardenia or the liachelors, and so on through all ages of life and every profession. Hence the enormous number of applications as soon as a vacancy occurs, the intrigues and bribery to secure an election. Some men would give up and risk antiling to belong to the Traveliers, the Mariborough or the St. James. As soon as this aim is achieved, the Englishman makes his club his home, and can hardly be severely ceasured for so doing, as no private institution could secure so many comforts, luxories, and conveniences, with the added consideration that he procures them at an almost paning least. The content is generally Every gentleman who claims a standing in

be severely censured for so doing, as no private institution could secure so many comforts, invortes, and conveniences, with the added consideration that he procures them at an almost nominal cost. The cookery is generally excellent, the wines perfect, the attendance interprotechable, the rooms lofty, well lift and ventified, the supply of newspapers unlimited, and constant communication by wire and telephone established with every portion of the world. Many men arrive at their club at 10 A. M. and do not leave it till dinner time; the younger generation frequent theirs after the play and have late suppers. At the Lyric, the Gallery, and the New Club, theatrical performances, recitations, and music are given on the nights when laddes are admitted. The frince of Wales used to be fond of the latter and dances were organized twice a week, at which he disported himself with extraordinary againty. Its glory, however, seems to have departed. The Albemurle is a mixed club, where ladies are members. At the Racheiors they may be invited and entertained in certain rooms set apart for that purpose. The Alberondria, under very high part rage, is exclusively a woman's club, and within a short time of its formation reached its full complement of members. No man is allowed to enter its chaste precincts: the reading room is kept sacred against visitors and outsiders, and it bears of many sets of bedrooms which the members can occupy for a limited time, by giving due notice, at very reasonable prices.

All the oldest London clubs began as gambling houses, White's was the first, founded in 1730, and took the name of its proprietor, which it has a laways retained, but has long since renounced play. Brookes and Arthur's date respectively from 1744 and 1755, and are equal in rank with White's, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Arthur were owners of certain houses to which gentlemen were admitted on under their protection, Gradually the precincts were enlarged, the haottude paid a regular fee for keeping up the premises and the read club was born. ations the Marborough ac, two black shils are sufficient to cancel all the white ones, in no other clubs are the rules so severe. The Marborough was only established in 1869, it enloyed a brilliant popularity because the Prince of Wales, when in London, nover passed a day without going there. He played high usually at woist, brought his chums, and more than once was sponsor for some favored candidate. Fortunes were made and spent there during the heyday of its lustre, but for some reason or other the Prince has greatly deserted it of late, and its glories have paled before those of the lyric and Gardenia.

Every class, every opinion, every profession has its representative club or clubs in London. The St. James's is the diplomatic one, where all the foreign and British members of the service congregate. It consists of 650 members, the diplomatic corps being members by right, as is the case in the Cercle de l'Union in Paris.

The French "jeckey" has no exect counter.

by right, as is the case in the Cercie de l'Union in l'aris.

The Fronch "jockey" has no exact counterpart here, but it is run close by the Traveller's, Brocks's, White's, Arthur s, and the Bachelors', Brocks's is chiefly frequented by the liberal aristocracy. Ar hur's has no political creed, the Carlton is Conservative, the Reform Liberal. However, the old distinctive appellations of Tories and Whigs have become quite obsolete, so much has the political platform of England changed within the last few years.

The two services have the Army and Navy Club, with 2,550 members, and the Household Brigade have the Guards' Club. The first of these was so evererowded that it was supplemented by a Junior Army and Navy, with 1,550 members, besides which there is the Naval and Military in Picalilly, with 2,000 members; three more of the same stamp, one of which alone counts 3,500 members, and yet these are insufficient for the ever-increaging number of applications.

The universities have the Oxford and Cam-

is unificient for the ever-increasing number of applications.

The universities have the Oxford and Cambridge, and the Church the National Club; literature and science have the Athensum, which admirs only 1,200 members, and has one of the finest libraries in the world. The jeurness of are patronize tue Bachelors' and the Gardenia; the Carrick is sacred to art, and contains a collection of portraite, engravings, and shotos of all the celebrities of art and the Feel's cak has small rooms in a small street, and its rank is contained in the evening by actors and more important full or the same order. The file are in the Savage is a much older and more important full or the same order. The has each has no habitation, but dines its members here and there once a month, as dees the Erismen. Until quite latery it was sufficient to have been a guest at one of the monthly danquets of the latter to become a momber, but it has been found necessary to curtail that privilege. The Century is the American ciub.

There are six first-class Conservative clubs; the Frimone, with 3,000 members has been received and the pulmor Cartion. The Liberais have quite as many; the National Liberai have quite and proposed proposed proposed

an honorary member at the best clubs for one month, and the invitation is renewed most courtequally at his written request, but as a rule the quality of foreigner precludes the possibility of his becoming a member. The secretaryships of the clubs are much sought after: they not only bring with them a handsome salary, but a good social position, and are not lightly given. The entrance fees vary from one to forty guineas, and the anonal subscription from one to ten, with the exception of the Turf Club, where it is fitteen. Notwithstanding these extremely moderate charges, the club bourse are the finest buildings in London, and there is absolutely no blemish in their arrangements and organization.

THE WHITE HOUSE CRANK GALLERY, The Pictures of Themselves That Queer

People Send to the President. From the Philadelphia Telegraph. The White House is furnished with a private gailery, all the pictures in which are originals. Such acollection is not to be found eigewhere in the country. It is being added to all the while, and would soon become too large for the cramped quarters but for the lact that now and then it is cloared out for the lact that now and then it is cloared out and the old picture came in to-day. It was the photograph of a foreigner—an Italian, it is head is thrown back so as to bring the focus of the camera upon his moustache and imperial, which are prodigiously long and black and curied after the manner of a corescrew. The eyes show insanity, and it is this mar about his face that furnishes the special object of his raving. The picture is seen with compriments to the President that he may have the divice pleasure?

Another photograph of the collection represents a mild-eyeu man with long half hanging to his shoulders and untrimmed whiskers that cover his face, except the eyes and nose. The mild eyes have a far-off look, as if contemplating something in another world two or three centuries alead. It might be the sunshalow of some adept in theosophy or a true Mahamma. Under the face are brinted in while letters. The Coming Man of the Age. It is abunch or busby hair and a pair of wacast, far-off, and amiable eyes. The original thought the President might want to know what the man of the millennium is going to be like, so this is added to the cranks gailery.

There is the man who is the "most wonder that lead is life; that the sun gives life to the world." He would be supported that lead is life; that the sun gives life to the world is not to be by ire. The destruction is to be by lee. The cold is to freeze out all life, and that death is stiff and cold, all not have a sun and a sun of the sun or the content of the further man of the further and the sun or the sun of the sun or the sun of the sun or the sun or particular and may have a constitute of the sun or sun of the s

REPORM IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT. Reorganizing the Business Methods in the

Line Marked Out by Secretary Whitney. WASHINGTON, June 29 .- By a general order Secretary Tracy has directed an entire reor-Navy Department. The Secretary's reasons for making the order are as follows:

Up to this time the new equipments and new duties constantly arising from the condition of change incident to the replacement of the old wooden vessels with new ships and modern guns have been assigned here and there to the several bureaus of the department, often with no better reason than the convenience of the moment. The result has been confusion and an exaggeration of the defects of the bureau system. Duties which have no connection have been placed together, and those naturally associated have been divorced. Supply has been complicated and pensive. Electric lighting, for example, has

nection have been piaced together, and those naturally associated have been divorced. Supply has been complicated and expensive. Electric lighting, for example, has been claimed by three bureaus. The training of officers and men, apart from the independent establishment of the Naval Academy, has been divided between an equal number, and there has been no officer to control and detail the personnel as a whole, both officers and men, and to receive and transmit the correspondence of the flect.

Secretary Whitney realized the evils of the system and made an effort to change them, but was obliged, from the magnitude of the system and made an effort to change them, but was obliged, from the magnitude of the system and made an effort to change them, but was obliged, from the magnitude of the system and has an ergordingly issued the new order. It enlarges the duties of some of the bureaus, notably those of the Bureau of Equipment, to which are given nearly all the duties of supply herefolore belonging to the Bureau of Navigation loses its duties of supply herefolore belonging to the Bureau of Navigation loses its duties of supply and its control of the Hydrographic and Compa-s offices and the Naval Observatory.

The Bureau of Navigation loses its duties of supply and its control over several important offices, and becomes under the immediate direction of the Secretary, an executive section, and is charged with the training, discioline, and control of the personnel of the fleet. The chiefs of the Bureaus of Yards and Docks, equipment, ordnance, construction and repair, and steam engineering, ex-officio, constitute a float of the secretary and experience of the order will be to make the Bureau of Navigation so the order will be to make the Bureau of Navigation correspond to the Adjutant-Generals office in the War Beronnel of the Organization. The terms of the order will be to make the Bureau of Navigation shall comprise all that relates to the promugation and enforcement of the secretary sorders to the linear and enforc

POEMS WORTH READING. Lex Tallouis

Only suppose I were a rose, And then shouldst stoop down and kiss me, Then pass me by:
Of course I should die.
And thea? O, then hardly wouldst miss me

But when spring came again, I'd return with the stain Of thy lips on my deep bruleed petals; Shouldst thou then stoop to pick me. Take care! I won't prick thee
Till blood trickled down o'er my nettles ORRLIA KRY BRLL.

But It Is Imported, From the Rotton Transcript.

Oh! the national dower is the peanut bloom;
Why should we disagree!
From childhoods day till the day of doom.
The peanut is fair to see. Coriy it nods on its pretty stem, Take away your aspirants, all of them, And give me the peasunt's bloom!

To a Debutante. From the St. James's Gasette. Pair maid that e'er the world's acclaim Serons dost smi e at dance or dinner. Full wall thou know at that Life's a game, And thou the winner.

For thee no guileless gush, no sweet Belief in every partner's prattle, No fond impatience, no retreat From Fashion s battle. The latest craze that takes the town.
The last new thing in frocks or scandals.
The favorite coryphée, or clewn
Of polished Vandals.

Philosophaster's Book that rakes May sup on r-chauff e religions; And Plungers on the Epsom Stakes, Or mangled pigeons,

Engage thy care. The revenues Of Peer or Hanker, when they woe thee, Are, as thy rival's gloves and shoes, Familiar to thee. No chaperon thou needest, more Than volgar 'Arriett or Cookey; A chaperon is but a bore To hold thy bouquet.

No mysteries hannt thee, no regret, No preity pouting ways to tease u Thy single aim is where to get The wealthiest Crossus. And yet so dainty, debonnair, So radiant in thy vonthrai plenty. Though dashing our ideals fair Of maides Twenty.

We half believe the better part. Is thine, and profier the sole treasure Denied to thee by Fate, a heart, With pitcous pleasure.

Sappho Saw It was Venue That Phace

From the Academy. Deep in my mirror's glossy plate Sweet converse of: I had With beauty's seif. then turned, elata, To make my lovers glad. But now across the quivering glass My lineaments shall never pass: Let Aphrodite take the thing My shadow is dishonoring.

Ah. fond and foolish, then hast set
Aside the burnished gold.
But Phanu's ever reflect thee yet
A woman somewhat sid:
He watched thee come across the street
Today in the clear summer heat;
And must be not perforce recal!
How the sun limited thee on the wall? I sigh: no sigh her bosom smots
Who waited 'mid the crowd.
Impatient for his ferryhost.
An aged woman bowed
And desolate till Phoon saw.
Turned swiftly and with tender awa
Rowed her across his strength subdued
To service of decrepting

Beneath a begrar's sorry guise,

(I) laughter-loving queen.
Thy servant still inus recognize
A gottless pace and mien.
He loved thee in thy fading hair,
He felt thee great in thy despair.
Thy wide, blue, clouded eyes to him
Were beautiful, though stained and dim. Daughter of Crprus, take the disk
That pride and only fe ds.
Like thee the glorious chance I risk,
And in line's tattered weeds,
Bearing of many a care the trace,
Trustin: the plets nameless grace,
Stand unabashed serene and dumb,
For love to worship, if he come
Michael Field,

My Ships That Went to Sea. From the Pittsburgh Dispatch. On after one they slipped he stocks.
And one by one they sailed.
Slow cresked the heavy tackle blocks.
And low the pennamis traited.
As out beyond he restless tide.
Fast shbing far to i-e.
They drifted oer the ocean wide.
My ships that went to see.

Adown the long herizon's rim.
I watched them as they passed.
Unit within the distance dim
They raded out as last.
Ashappy birds, that seek the skies.
When from the cage sel free.
So disappeared before mine eyes.
My snips that went to see.

And other ships have come and gone
hince my ships satisd away,
And many a year in disk and dawn
And many a niket and day.
Pull of the grass has shimmered green
And builded flower and tree.
But slice that hour none o'er have seen
But slice that went to sea.

And yet, and yet, within my dreams Shows every mast and rope. And sweetly on my larewell gleams The smiling face of hope. My slumbering fancies grope afar. My ships that went to sea.

Ah. nevermore! Nay, nevermore! Shall I such gladness feel. shall I such glatness feel.

Boubless upon some stormafrewn shere
Lies every shattered keel;

Yet still, delying sill that late
Has brought or keeps for me.
Upon the meaning sands I wait
For all my ships at sea.

ERNEST MCGAPPET.

The People of the Play.

The People of the Flay.

From America.

Who is the youth who whon all danger's past, Exciaims in act the fifth: Aba. at last!

Exciaims in act the fifth: Aba. at last!

The hero.

Who is the damsel cast in virtue's monid, who sweetly simple, to ber parent oid, Bejects the villain says: I scorn thy gold?

The heroine.

Who knows not conscience, law, nor etiquette, Says of the heroine: he shall be mine yet! And generally smokes a cigarette? The villain.

Who is the ared peasant short of breath, Turned out of doors by what the viliain saith; Who always seems just at the point of death? The heroine's father. Who is it pays the cash, the theatre fills.
Who longs to sympathise with other lile.
Than childrens olen, birth marks, and forged wills?
The audience.

Busses Frein. Bugges France.

Supshine Land. From the Nebraska State Journal. They came in sight of a lovely shore, Yellow as gold in the morning light; The sun's own coor at non it wore. And it faded not at the fall of night; Clear weather or cloudy, 'twas all as one. The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun; Its secrat the sallors could not understand. But they called this country ounseline Land. What was the secret? A simple thing,
It will make you smile when once you know,
Touched by the enter finger of spring.
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so many and bright;
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed and the giad breeze
Through the honeyed fleids of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound.

What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail, and sail till at lest we found
This fair i and of a mill on flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many small joys our pleasures a c made,
More near than we think very close at hand,
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

EDITE M. TROKAS.

The Wall of the Bustle From the Cloak, Bull, and Ladics' Wear Beview

THE TOTAL Behold, how grace.)
fully I away behind;
aome bit of female clay;)
observe my curves—Oh, how;
divine: Each in itself a Ho.) garth's line. How much eft a symmetry I lend to maidens certain air of style I carry round with me meanwhile gives every girl with me meanwhile gives every girl)
who wears me such a grace akin to)
nature's touch; and yet despite the)
power which I possess to please the)
human eye, the wemen, fickle)
things, are prone henceforth to)
leave me all alone. It's been de-)
creed by some base plot that hence-)
Grath I must like and yet. forth I must lie and rot. What) wonder is it that I feel a breath of) andness o'er me steal. Oh, woman) in your hours of ease, how true it is voure hard to please.

Come sit down on me if you will,
but show me that you love me)
still 'h', fair one do not be un;
kind: forever ist me tar behind.)

bered the after deck. She was loaded with wool and timber, and though waterlogged could not sink. Everything indicated that she had been abandoned for many days, but the Captain felt it his duty to investigate as far as possible. I was ordered to take a bont's crew and pull off to her and and set her on fire, as she was a dangerous menace drifting about in that condition.

An abandoned vessel is a haunted house to a sailor. I pulled myself aboard, hoping that everybody had got safely away, and yet dreading to make some terrible discovery. With a little more sea on, her decks would have been awash. As it was, they were bone dry under the rays of the morning sun. I had to creep and crawl and twist about to get through the raills on deck, and I reached the cabin to find it full of water, as might have been expected. The sky light above it had been smashed, and as I looked down and the roll of the riglet the sun in, I caught sight of the clothing of a woman as her body was drilled to and fro. She was face down in the water, and her arms clasped above her head. Had it been possible to enter and overhaul the cabin no money could have tempted me to go nearer with that body floating about. The cover of the after hatch was splintered and broken, with the water in her hold spurting up in jets every time she lifted or fell, and as soon as I had made out her cargo I knew that she would have to be fired. little more sea on, her decks would have been

made out her cargo! knew that she would involve in the locastle I found the side off the harch and the very first look into the place gave me a shock. Two human feet, soles up, were the lives of the locastle I found the side off the harch and the very first look into the place gave me a shock. Two human feet, soles up, were the lives of the locastle in the locastl

Some Strange Finds I've Seen on the Bossem of Old Old Geens.

If the eight of an abandoned wagon on the great prairies is one calculated to inspire a feeling of lonesomeness, what must the sight of a derelict or an abandoned vessel far out at sea, call up in the midds of the discoverers? I have been looking and hoping for the last twenty years that I might come across a painting representing a derelict in middeen, but have visited gallery after gallery in vain. The marine artist gives us ships under full sall; ships lying to in agale; ships plunging through storm-tossed seas, or rocking on the placid ground swell, but his brush never brings out the derellet. While I cannot find a skotch or painting, I can go back in memory, and call uncertain visions which stand out more clearly than a picture vainted but yesterday.

One bright summer morning away back in the fiftles, while we were headed up for San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, and when about 250 miles on our voyage, the look-out reported a wreck aimest dead ahead. In half an hour we were up with it, and as the wind was light and the sea smooth we lay to for an investigation. It was a French brig, as we all guessed before we had seen her name. Her foremast was gone, broken off about four feet above the deck, her maintopmast gone, her jibboom broken off, a great portion of her bulwarks carried away, and all this raffe was tralling alongside and surrounding her. The main yard was still in place, but thesail was in ribbons, while a perfect tangle of rones encumbered the after deck. She was loaded with wool and timber, and though was lighted and surrounding her. The main yard was still in place, but thesail was in ribbons, while a perfect tangle of rones encumbered the after deck. She was loaded with wool and timber and the capital was in ribbons, while a perfect tangle of rones encumbered the after deck. She was loaded with wool and timber and though was lighted among our crew.

MISSIONARIES TO OUR ITALIANS.

Nuns Sent from Rome to New York at Archbishop Corrigun's Request,

During the past few weeks dark-featured women, in the garb of Sisters of Charity, have been going through the Italian quarters in the Bend and in Little Italy, climbing up dark, steep, and narrow stairways, diving down into foul basements, and into dens which even a New York policeman does not care to enter without assistance. These women are all slight and delicate. They wear a neculiar vell. unlike that of the usual religious devotees, and few can speak English. They are members of an order entirely new to this country, the silesian missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is an Italian organization of nuns who look after the welfare of orphans, and all that are engaged in this work are of Italian birth. The half dozen located in this city are pioneers in

after the welfare of orphans, and all that are engaged in this work are of Italian birth. The half dozen located in this city are pioneers in the United States, and they came upon the solicitation of Archbishop Corrigan and Mrs. Luigi P. di Cesnola, wife of Gen. di Cesnola, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Archbishop and Mrs. di Cesnola wrote to Lombardy, the headquarters of these missionaries, last November, requesting that a branch be started in this country. They were induced to this because of the terrible condition in which many poor italian children were in this city. Of the many thousands of Italians in New York a very large majority were sunk in extreme poverty and squalor. This was particularly so in the case of those newly arrived in this country. Unable to provide with any degree of decency for themselves, they, of course, could do little for their children, and these were allowed to grow up in abject ignorance. Many were abundoned or driven forth into the streets of the big city to beg or steal the means for subsistence. One can not walk the streets without encountering hundreds of little liatian boys whose only knowledge of English lies in the phrase: "Shina boota, fiva centa, mista." The pennies they collect are not their own but go to some pairone who suppices their outfits, and gives them a mere nittance of the small amount they earn. Of the Italian girls who are homeless and lorsaken, their misery may not be so apparent, but it is even greater.

The bilesian missionaries came here in March, but were not able to begin operations until some time later. They now occupy a large, yellow stone bouse on East Fifty, ninth street, near Park avenue. It is rather c-di and forbidding looking on the outside, but the interior is bright and cheeruit. The floors are stained and rugs are scattered around pientifully. The head of the American contingent is Sister Frances. Navier Cabrim, Superior comman, with arge, coal-diake essaud. The floors are stained and ropasare stand anxious that there

themselves. Then, too, there are many poor Italians who are barely able to supply food for the numerous mouths dependent upon them, and they are glad to let us take some of their children and bing them up projectly. Of late things have been somewhat better because of the work of the Italian priests who come to New York at the request of the Pope, but there is still a great deal to be done.

"We take children between the ages of 4 and 15 years, house, feed, and clothe them, and train them mentally and physically, so that they may be good clitens and good members of the church. Our mode of work is to go right down into the Italian quarters and go from house to house, from apartment to apartment, We are recognized by all Italians, and many of them are glad to see us. We try to learn about all the Italian children we meet, whether they have proper homes and proper schooling. I have said that we are especially anxious about the girls inst now, and the reason must be apparent. The temptations that a big city like this offers to poor, ignorant girls of any nationality are very great, and to abandoned Italian girls, who have no means of livelihood and are ignorant even of the language of those around them, they are terrible. At present our means are limited, as we dejend entirely upon private subscriptions, but all the Italians of wealth approve of our course, as well as the Catholic clergy, and we hope soon to be able to do more. As soon as our means will afford we intend to have a larger house, where we can accommodate all the children that come to us."

The work of those women is very trying and has many hardships. Any one who has ever been in the Italian quarters where these missionaries go can realize something of the unpleasantness of their task. Sky-scraping tenements in which hundreds of families are hodded together, ill-smelling rooms, drunken men and surly women all these must be enements in which the sign is a heart surrounded by luminous rays.

HIS WAGON WAS TOO WIDE. luminous rays.

HIS WAGON WAS TOO WIDE. How a Tenderfoot from the East was Victimized by a Plainsman. From the Benver News.

sea on when she was overhauled this last time, and the whaler did not get within half a mile of the wanderer, but the Caprian went alofd when the state of the wanders of the countered sent her to a deep-sea grave after her long and restless voyage. As to what became of her crew and passengers no man has ever learned, nor will it be known until that day when sea and land give up their dead.

Perhaps as curlous an adventure as salers ever had happened to us aboard the English sugar brig sarai Cross. Her owners at Liverpool were interested in the sugar Industry in the west indies and the brig had been in the west indies and the brig had been in the west indies and the brig had been in the wast of the search of the search of the same and a breeze so light that we acaresty me, dat all. I made out a crait of some sort on our port bow. As she was under bare poise and the sky a bit smoky, I was-everal minutes satisfying myself that the stranger must have a queer est of sali-ors aboard, as she showed no light, and not show an inch of cloth, but as it presently fell calm we did not run away from her. The mate nut the glass on her decks. We had everything set to the breeze, which the surrised by a plant the found nothing new in the situation, and it was not until it urped out after surrises that I learned she was looked upon as abandoned. There was a light breeze then, and we had the bound nothing new in the situation and it was not until it urped out after surrises that I learned she was looked upon as abandoned. There was a light breeze then, and we had the promise of the promis

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

The great trouble with the pug as a profes-cional beauty is that his skin is made to fit a shorter dog.—Terre Haute Express. The water of the lake is blue when the sky is clear; but to a party out fishing it soon becomes a bottle green.—New Orleans Picayune

comes a bottle green.—New tricans Picarune
Fitch—How does the world treat you, old
man? Rich (gloomily)—It doesn't: I buy my
own refreshments.—Uncinnati Commercial.
Burgundy—That was a frightful accident
that happened to the man who writes the funny
column in the Irrahistican Journal, Daddy—
What was it? Burgundy—Why he act down on
his MS. Daddy—Weil? Burgundy—And the
sharp points gave him a frightful jag.—Pillsburgh Dispatch. burgh Dispatch.

He-My dear, I believe I shall sell a lot off our frontage. She-Why. Charley! you said when you bought the place you would never sell an inch of that lovely lawn, even if we were starving. He-My love, at that time I had never had any experience in running a lawn mower.

—furlington Free Press.

Wibble—Biggara and his wife siways remind me of a mule. Wabble—In what way? Wibble—All the horse-ense in the combination belongs to the better half.—Terre Haute Express.

Smith—Say, Jones, your wife is a graduate of Vassar, isn't she? Jones—Yea, Smith—How many tongues is she mistress of? Jones—Only one, but that's sruttler.—Burlington Free Fress.

Ella—Well. Beas, graduation is over. What do you find to do now? Beas—I am taking a post graduate course in botany. (An hour later she was taking her first lesson in the kitchen, wrestling with peas, cabbages, and asparagus for the midday meal.)—Kearney Enterprise.

THERE STAGES.

THREE STACES.

Bighing like a furnace,
Over cars in love,
Over cars in love,
Bijnd in adoration
Of his lady's glove.
Thinks no arri was ever
Quits so sweet as she,
Talls you she a an angel,
Expects you to agree.

11. Moping and repining.
Groomy and morose,
asks the price of polson.
Thinks ne'll take a dose.
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Merriage is a failure.
Like a broken dam.

111. Whistling, blithe and cheerful,
Always bright and gay.
Dancing, sugnm, sughing,
All the livelon day.
Full of fun and froic.
Caucht in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no mere of polson—
Got another girl.

Somerville

Somerville Journal.

Discouraging.—House Owner.—Have you ave placards. This house to rent?" Printer—Yes, sir. Here are some patent fibre, woven signs, warranted to wear for two years.—Eurington Free Press.

Wibble—What do you think of this idea of adopting the sunflower as the national flower? Wabble—Pretty good idea, I think. It is typical of quite a numerous class of Americans, it makes a big spread all summer and is seedy in the fall.—Terre Haute Express.

Apollo is asid to be the first gentleman who ever struck alyre. If he had only hit him a little harder we might not have so many magnificent liars at the present time.—Trow Times.

Mudge—For heaven's sake. Bosworth, have

Mudge-For heaven's sake. Bosworth have you been sanibagged or in a railway accident? Bosworth-Neither. I hid under the bed the other night to seare my wife.—Courier-Journal. "I want to write a letter to the Secretary of the Navy. Shall I address him as Your Excel-

"Oh, no, use term 'your warship."-Life, Larwin—Do you believe in evolution?

Jarmin—(who is a man modist)—No: I've seen too much of fashion.

Larwin—What has that to do with it?

Jarmin—Well, fashion makes fools of some, cowards of many, and monkeys of all. It's the last that shatters my belief in evolution.—Cun-

A BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT. "Of course," said Blifkins, discontentedly,
"I ain't the man to hesitate for a minute or
complain when it comes to helping those who
are in distress, but if you figure it right down I
am a good deal of a flood sufferer myself."
"You a floot sufferer!"
"Well. I should say so. I've been with my
wife to four amateur theatrical entertainments
and two strawherry feetivals in the past two
weeks."—Merchant Traveller.

WHAT HE COULD GIVE.

WHAT HE COULD GIVE.

"No," said a merchant to a travelling man.
"I get all I want from another house in your town: I never did like your firm very well, anyhow. It's no use to talk, you couldn't give me snything."

"Oh, ves. I can give you something."

"What is it?" asked the merchant, his curiosity at once aroused.
"I can give you two per cent. discount for cash.—Merchant Tryveller.
HIS STATUS. HIS STATUS.

"What is the social status of that young Filtherty, who comes to see our Mary?" asked Mr. Fangle.
"Oh. he never stays later than 10," replied Mrs. Fangle.—Drake's Magazine. POSITIVE PROOF.

"Bill was very foud of his wife." said a Da-kota man, speaking of a bereaved comrade, "I actually believe he thought as much of her as he did of his dog; it's a fine bird dog, too,"— Time. THE NEXT THING.

Mr. Fangle-Well, I see they have organized a milk trust now.

Mrs. Fangle-I suppose the next thing will be to build crematories.—Drake's Magazine,

A MODEST MAID. A MODEST MAID.

Young Lochinvar came down from the west, By affection deep incited. To caim the maiden most modest To whom his troth was plighted. Oh. Mary mine! My matchless maid! You know ! love you madly.

"Tie but a medest little nest, The rooms are two in number One room to cook in, one for rest, All built of undressed lumber."

"Why, John I" cried she. Her burning face
She hid upon h a breast.
"How can one buil d a modest place
With lumber all undressed !"
—Perra Haute Express. Miss Gotham-I adore travelling. Were you

Miss Gotham—I adore travelling. Were you ever in Greece, Miss Loin of Cincinnati—No. I never was; but papa was in that Lard Trust, you know.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Angry Subscriber to Editor—I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped.

"Yes, sir; do you want to pay what you owe?"
"No: I ain't mad enough for that."—Phaniz Herald.

"No. I ain't mad enough for that."—Phanix Heraid.

The wife who can retain a sure hold men her husband's heart will never have occasion to take a grip on his hair.—Tere Haute Express.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters? The youngest will get 15,000 marks, the second 30,000, and the eldest 45,000." You don't happen to have one still older?"—Fliegende Blatter.

He had declared his passion and was favorishiy awaiting her roply. "Mr. Samson." she said, and her voice sounded like a knell." the letter which you so kindly oldered to post for me two weeks ago to-night has never reached its destination. Farewell."—Happer's Bazar.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip. "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the President or Vice-President of this society?" I want to be neitner President nor Vice-President, "What is that?" "Treasurer."—Bostom Journal.

A correspondent wants to know how to re-

"Treasurer."—Boston Journal,
A correspondent wants to know how to remove naint. The best way is to sit down on it, and then get up and walk away.—Itochester Post-Express.

BY THE TRIACHEROUS SEA.

They met and loved in the usual way
By the shores of Use summer sea.
She a banker's daughter—twan her own tale—While a merchant prince was be.

And never, each vowed, had a fiame like theirs Sprung up in the human heart While the door of joy's future seemed hung with crape When the time came on to part.

Behind the counter she proudly stood And her eyes took a stony stare. And he saked to be shown some woollen socks At a quarter or so a pair. Forgetful how tender men's bosoms are.

Her pride said 'lenors him !" she does!

She cut him as dead as a coffin nail.

And he didn't know who she was.

—Philadelphia Fimes.

A GRAMMATICAL ERROR. Scene-School room at public exhibition.
Elderly Lady-Johnnie, what is the present
third singular of "to flee?"
Johnnie-He flees.
Elderly Lady-That's right. Now give the
perfect third singular.
Johnnie teromytly)-He has fleas.
Elderly lady is carried out in hysterics. - Time.

Miss Gusher—I have just heard from our mutual frend, Miss Joritanks. She has married the Duke d'Balloorde.

Miss Cru-her-Fortunate girl! Did they take a wedding tour?

Miss Gusher—The duke's employers could not spare him. He drives a horse car on Tenth avenue.—Brake's Magazine.

Some of us may be in doubt sometimes whether life is worth living, but that death isn't worth dying we all feel mighty sure.—Somerville Journal. NO WEDDING TOUR.

DISTRUSTED THE FISHERMAN'S SCALES. "Have you got your scales with you?" said the trout to the sucker.
"I have," answered the sucker. "Why?"
"Well," said the trout, 'I'm going to take that fly, and I'd like to be weighed before I leave the brook, just for my own satisfaction."

—Puck.

The dog now pants his little pant.
The cat now mews its mew.
The donk now brays its loudest donk.
And the mosquitoes, you be: they do

THE TELEGRAPHING AT JOHNSTOWN. Wonderful Work of Chief Operator Jack Edwards and His Men.

When the history of the Johnstown disaster comes to be written there should be a sepa-rate chapter put in it for the telegraph operators. The story of the regular operator at the town. Mrs. Ogle, and how she met her death in sending down the valley warnings of the approaching flood has already been told. There were other operators in the signal towers and small offices further up the valley who did as nobly, although the story of their deeds has not yet been printed further than the men-tion of their deaths. But the more immediate gratitude of the general public is due to the men who took the places of these old operators and sent out the news of the disaster, for which the people were so hungry during the first ten days after it hap-pened. Telegraphic work was never done under more unfavorable circumstances than those which surrounded the young fellows who went out to Johnstown at the first news of the calamity, and stayed there working night and day, until the rush was over and the office reestablished in comfortable quarters. They worked side by side with the newspaper men through the misery and discomfort of the first few days, and they deserve as much credit for the complete and accurate stories of the calamity that were furnished to the public in

The flood whyed the telegraph lines out of existence for seven or sight miles through the call the way too [11]. The flood which is the control of the state of the call the way too [11] the call the way too [11] the call the way too [11] the call the call the way too [11] the call the call